

## Spliters.

To bear wealth is more difficult than to obtain it.

The man who was born tired will never be unhappy.

The less a man feels his greatness the greater he is.

The man who talks for others exhibits personal neglect.

The means of obtaining the truth is common property.

Before trying to make others honest be honest yourself.

Everybody could succeed at minding their own business.

A rare man is he who is uncooked by the power of conceit.

It is better to be too sensitive than to be deficient in sense.

Compulsory society destroys the object for which society exists.

There would be none to reform if the reformers were all reformed.

The most lonesome man is he who is seeking for some one to lean upon.

The man who succeeds in imitating another will be an original failure.

A man needs to be well educated before he can be dishonest successfully.

The wheels of justice grind slow, but never stop their ceaseless revolutions.

A question seems to be settled in some people's minds, if a popular man says so.

"Book knowledge" is the imitation, for the real can only be obtained by experience.

Success in life is as much due to self confidence as failure is to the confidence in others.

Popularity or money will serve a man, but he who has neither can be independent and serve himself.

A real truth can only be known by the strict sensing of it, therefore information is always doubtful.

The real sense of knowledge is to learn something, instead of imitating the knowledge of others.

Aristocratic people are those who will not associate with the people they are dependent on for support.

The real is always imitated, for that reason a man may even look and sound as if he was really cultured.

The reason there are so many followers in the world is because they have been trained to be obedient.

The reason some people never prosper is because they are waiting to be told what they are best fitted for.

There is virtue in ignorance if one must first possess knowledge before they can be dishonest successfully.

If all people sat in judgment against their neighbor, such unselfish conduct would destroy the human race.

If mind-reading becomes a success, lies will be impossible, and lawyers will have to look around for some other business.

Life is motion, motion is the result of force, force is heat, and heat is sunshine; thus with material the philosophy of life is complete in this splinter.

The conflict between good and evil.

Ballot reform is secondary to the injustice that is perpetrated upon the common people by those who elect themselves to exclusive privileges, by reason of the knowledge of how to do it.

To claim a right to impose upon the defenceless people is injustice that should be exposed by every sincere reformer, it should be the test of his sincerity.

It is absurd for a limited number of people by reason of superior knowledge, to pretend that the people's rights are in danger of bribery at the polls.

The common people's rights have never been recognized by the exclusive few. What possible danger can there be to rights that are not acknowledged, and practically do not exist?

First, acknowledge those rights, gentlemen, to those who are ignorant of the deception, that none but educated people are capable of, and the matter of bribery will be settled without so much tomfoolery about ballot reform.

The very object of voting is to destroy the affected quality of a class of people who are determined to rule while they possess the power, regardless of right or wrong.

A free government signifies a numerical majority of the whole people; it does not admit, in principle, of a superior class. Hence for a class to assume the right to adopt a form of politics that practically controls the system of government, is to leave the common people unprotected.

They being ignorant of it, will not excuse the wrong in men, who, if educated, cannot be ignorant of the injustice.

This evil will surely be exposed or history is only noted for its lies. The people will take what belongs to them as soon as a simple knowledge of their wrongs becomes general.

The exclusive class will be called to account for the method by which they could deceive a great nation and rule it as absolutely as if it had been styled a monarchy.

To proclaim a right makes it no more a fact than the humbug that a majority of the people of the United States are the government.

The recognized privilege of going through the form of voting is in the right direction, but this advance in civilization was not conferred upon the common people by any exclusive class, it was fought for by people who may be styled ignorant and illiterate, but they possessed the inspiration of liberty in common with all living creatures.

Such is the spirit of progress, however oppressive the result may be.

All history shows plainly that oppression, injustice, and wickedness of every character is confined to the class of people in possession of advanced knowledge.

The reason is obvious, for no one can do evil without first possessing knowledge how to do it.

It is the unrestrained liberty to obtain knowledge that civilizes the people of the earth, for man grasps knowledge as greedily as he does

money, the value of which is often equivalent to the power of knowledge.

Reason and a consciousness of duty is what suggests to the mind of man what is right.

Hence if a man withholds his honest convictions to satisfy his greed and love of power, the more knowledge he possesses, the more unjust he can be toward his fellowmen.

Good and evil are in constant strife, and so nearly balanced that the activity of life is possible.

It is no secret that a perfect balance is inaction, and also a predominant element will effect the same result.

Good always prevails over evil by the protecting favor of Nature, and evil is only possible by the desire in man to obtain knowledge, hence the progress and civilization of mankind is not due to any desire of man to treat his fellowmen justly.

Men grind each other from a natural desire to elevate and get glory for themselves, but a thief would not be justified in stealing the spectacles from a blind man, and, therefore, the only good the individual man can do another is to act his honest convictions in accord with the golden rule, thus becoming a possible example to encourage others.

The common people have always fought for their rights unaided.

The right to vote is but a compromise with their aristocratic rulers; it will some day expose the insincerity of the rich man's sympathy for the poor man, whom he is dependent upon for his wealth.

On the other hand Nature is the only friend of the poor man, for those educated are striving to protect their power by monopolizing what is termed ethical training.

Therefore, man can show no right, with reason, to use his power to teach or restrain the very source of his own greatness, which was the liberty to exist without being compelled to acknowledge a superior right in any other man.

Chinese Economy.

An example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible, that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear.

The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds.

In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel-gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some enterprising collector.

Similarly professional manure collectors swarm over all the roads of the country. Chinese women carry this minute economy into their dress; nothing comes amiss to them; if it is not used in one place it is in another, where it appears a thing of beauty.

Foreign residents who give their cast-off clothes away to the Chinese may be assured that the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to commence.

Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for the want of a few drops of oil; but to people who have no nerves the squeak is cheaper than the oil.

Similarly dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash. The motto, "Cheaper than dirt," that the soap dealer puts in his window, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese.

To them the average foreigners are mere soap-wasters. Scarcely any tool can be got ready-made; it is so much cheaper to buy the parts, and put them together for yourself, and as almost everybody takes this view, ready-made tools are not to be got.

Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing almost anything by means of almost nothing.

They will give you an iron foundry on a minute scale of completeness in a back yard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, of strong and perfect draught, out of a pile of mud bricks, lasting indefinitely, operating perfectly and costing nothing.

The old woman who in her last moments babbled as near as possible to the family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers was Chinese.—North China Herald.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unharmed, muscular exercise.

If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished.

For those who can not get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is a day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves.

A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains.

One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerve at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day in a week in bed.

If we can not avoid frequent agitations, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury.

The nerves can often be overcome by a strenuous when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Individuality of the Horse.

One thing curious and interesting about the horse is his individuality.

This is a characteristic common to all animals, undoubtedly to a greater or less degree, but surprisingly so, we think, in the case of a horse.

How these characteristic varies in horses is well known by any one who has ever intelligently drawn a rein over a good roadster.

The individuality of horses varies as much as that of men. Every one has a different mental as well as physical make-up.

Some horses seem to possess brains, to have some sense, are quick to understand and obey the least sign, motion or word of their master.

Some men drive and use horses for years and yet never realize that they know anything, or that there is any more difference between them than there is between so many barrels or saw logs.

Other men who handle horses a great deal, who buy and sell frequently and study much their general characteristics, will tell you how wonderful horses are, how much they will sometimes teach even their drivers.

Between a nervous, sensitive, intelligent horse and his considerate owner how large a union of fellowship and sympathy exists.

In the stable, on the road, if overtaken by an accident, the cool, sensible man is sure to have a quick sympathy for his faithful horse.

He trusts his master as his master trusts him. If the master is quiet the horse will be equally so, knowing that everything is safe.

If the master blusters or becomes anxious or exhibits fear, the horse knows it at once and becomes restive likewise.

Oh, that men only knew that horses know much more than they give them credit for, and that they would not use them more humanely than they do now.

Horses are not brutes—they are noble, intelligent, sensible creatures, and most useful animal servants which Divine goodness has given to man.

If a horse shows signs of stubbornness or contrariness, just get mad yourself, and you can rest assured you are fixed for the rest of the day as long as you want to keep it up.

Horses, like men, are generally set in their ways, and when a horse with only moderate sense gets into trouble with a man with only moderate sense the two generally have a "monkey and parrot time" from morning till night.

Well-bred horses are seldom stubborn and unruly, and in this respect there is a striking analogy between horses and men.

Horses docile, obedient and tractable in the hands of one man, are vicious and unruly in the hands of another.

The reason is, the one knows how to manage them, the other does not. Bad dispositions are the result of bad handling.

A few slaps and jerks, accompanied by a little sharp talk or a few fierce yells, get the most gentle horse clear beside himself and ready to worry and fret the remainder of the day.

The more quiet and steady you keep your horses the better it will be for them, for yourself and all concerned.

This is the best time of the whole year to purify your blood, because now you are more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take, and it is the most economical—100 Doses One Dollar.

An Evening With De Quincey.

The De Quinceys had lived some time in the Lake District of England, and naturally the conversation turned upon the famous poets, about whom the young ladies were quite as enthusiastic as myself.

For a long time we had been discussing Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all the rest, when there glided noiselessly into the room, like a shadow, a little weird-looking old man, saffron-colored, with unkempt hair, dirty collar, long snuff-brown coat, feet sliding around in large India-rubber galoshes, and extended to me a wee, fleshless hand, more like a bird-claw than "the prehensile organ of man's supremacy."

The daughters seated him tenderly in one corner of a large arm chair, where he sank almost out of sight. A few formal inquiries were made about men and things in America, beyond which there was little conversation.

He spoke especially of Mr. Fields, very lovingly, for sending him a portion of the profits on the reprint of his books by the house of Ticknor & Fields, at a time when he sorely needed money.

He soon settled down into a dreamy, half-waking doze, when conversation with the bright, agreeable young ladies, about the Lake Poets, was gladly resumed.

At the close of the dinner the ladies retired to the drawing-room, according to the stereotyped British custom, leaving De Quincey and myself alone.

We drank a glass of wine together and he discoursed a short time in a languid manner, mostly about the unlovely character of the Scotch.

Excusing himself, he took from his vest pocket a pill of opium as large as a small hickory nut and swallowed it.

Soon his large head began to waver on his thin neck, and he laid it down on his thin arms folded over the corner of the table.

On his invitation, I was glad to escape to the young ladies above. It had been publicly announced some time before that De Quincey had quit opium eating, therefore I respected hospitality, and did not mention my experience till long after his death.

In the drawing-room we returned to our beloved Lake Poets with renewed zest. Time passed rapidly, and I was about to take my leave when again the little weird old man glided noiselessly into the room.

Again the daughters stowed him away in one corner of the large arm-chair. He soon dozed, and we went on with our romantic talk.

Soon, however, the withered divinity showed signs of awakening, when one of the young ladies remarked that her father imitated the voice of Mr. Wordsworth so perfectly that it frightened friends, of both in the next room, or out of sight, could not tell which was reading.

Thereupon she took from a shelf a

volume of Wordsworth's poetry, opened it at the "Ode on Immortality," and spread it out on the arm of the chair by her father's side.

He rubbed his eyes and dawdled his way through the poem everlastingly. I thought to myself if that was the way Wordsworth read, they were fortunate who never heard him.

As he closed the book a strange light seemed to glow through his eyes and illuminate his face.

He began to talk with a voice that seemed to flow out of the unknown—low, mellifluous, ceaseless, filling one with awe.

We listened almost breathless and soon found ourselves sitting on the floor at his feet, looking into his transfused face like entranced children.

On, on, he discoursed, as if I have never heard mortal discourse before or since.

If one could imagine all the wisdom, sentiment and learning to be crushed from DeQuincey's many volumes of printed books, and to be poured out, a continuous stream, he might form some conception of that long discourse—how long we know not.

When the monologue ceased I looked at my watch, and found it was three o'clock in the morning.—From "A Winding Journey Around the World," by O. W. Wight.

Are you going to travel? If so you must be very careful of your health, or your doctor's bills will cost you more than your traveling expenses.

A bottle of Sarsaparilla will protect you from all sickness incident to a change of climate.—Beecham's Telegram.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Anesthesia was discovered in 1844.

The first air-pump was made in 1654.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1826-27.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade as H. C. Pierce's drug store for his customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

His trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Success is obtained only by earnest effort; and this implies hard work of some kind; and, when a man is doing hard work, he certainly can not be considered as having found an easy place.

It is those who do not make a success that are always on the lookout for an easy place; and after they find themselves in positions where a little earnest effort would considerably improve their condition, rather than make the effort they allow themselves to make an easy place for their individual comfort, and let their chances slip.

Many a young man, in an effort to find an easy place, has allowed opportunities to pass by which, if he would have taken them up and added a few years of hard, well-directed labor, would have placed him in a condition where, if he desired, he might take upon himself an easy place.

FIVE WAYS TO STOP A COLD.—(1) Bathe the feet in hot water and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room. (2) Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour. (3) Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours. (4) Inhale ammonia or menthol. (5) Take four hours' active exercise in the open hour. A tennish dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning.

Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or a buck-saw. But better than all, if your cold is inveterate or serious, consult your family physician, and at once.

According Alabama Enquirer, a country editor is one who reads newspapers, writes on any subject, sticks type, folds papers and makes up mail, runs errands, saws wood, works in the garden, is blamed for a thousand other things he never thought of, works hard all day, is subject to spring fever, helps people into office who forget all about it afterward, and frequently gets cheated out of his earnings.

He puffs up and does more to build up a town than anybody else, the miser and foggy are benefited, yet they do not take his paper, but they will borrow it and read it and cuss the fool of an editor.

They had been talking for a long time. Arabella's chair was tired, and just for a change, she sat upon John's lap. There was a good deal of silence for a few minutes.

"What are you thinking of, John, dear?" asked Arabella.

"Just what you are, sweet," replied John.

"O, you horrid, horrid man," exclaimed the sweet one, springing to her feet. "If I had known you were thinking of kissing I wouldn't have sat there one minute. And you won't catch me sitting there again, sir, you may depend."

Old Mrs. Bentley—Did you hear how Deacon Brown is getting on? Old Mr. Bentley—I heard that he took a relapse this morning. Old Mrs. Bentley (with a sigh)—Well, I hope it will do the poor soul good, but I haven't much faith in them new-fangled medicines.

Disappearing Duces—Blue-man for torpid liver, castor oil for constipation, other disgusting drugs for piles, dyspepsia, and sick-headache, are being eagerly banished from use by the sweet, fruit-like Hamburg Piles. 25 cents. Dose, one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

## My Home Beyond.

I have a home, 'tis bright and fair; Beyond old ocean's stormy breast, Far from the busy haunts of men, Away above the mountain crest, And there my soul doth oft repair.

In sweet communion with the blest, For in that peaceful home to care, Can enter. 'Tis the place of rest.

Eucalydus with blast of death, Can never touch my glorious Home, But soft and sweet a heavenly breath, From Paradise every breeze comes, Sweet seraph voices float beneath, A canopy of shining gold, Upon the bowers of my dear Home, 'Tis brilliant can't be told.

Offspring I seem to dwell away, From busy haunts of dreary earth; And calmly wait the future day, Nor overcast me gloomy birth— Its birth of freedom from this clay, Which holds it as a heavy cloud, And long to join the bright array That stands before Eternal day.

The path is narrow, long and steep, And bounding flocks obstruct the way; Caverns lie, no dark and deep, That he who fails is lost for aye; Then come, my friend, and take my hand, Together let us upward roam, The way is long; Time will not stand, We must hasten to our far-off Home.

The Wedding.

Not a sigh was heard, not a frown, nor a tear, As the man to his bride he hurried; Not a woman discharged her farewell groan On the spot where the fellow was married. We married him just about eight o'clock, Our faces pale as turning, By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, And the gas lamps' steady burning.

No useless watch chain adorned his vest, Nor overcast me gloomy birth— Its birth of freedom from this clay, Which holds it as a heavy cloud, And long to join the bright array That stands before Eternal day.

But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best, With a few of his friends around him. Few and short were the things he said, And we were not a word of care, But we silently gazed on the man that was wed, And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we quietly stood about, With quiet and eager dying, How the meek stranger out of us, With only half our trying, Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone, And out of the past upward him, But little he'll care if we let him live on, In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done, When the clock struck the hour for retiring, And we heard the spiritual agency and pun The girls were suddenly firing. Slowly and sadly we turned to go; We struggled and we were human, We shed a tear and we spoke not our word, But we let him alone with his woman.

A patch on a boy's trousers is something new under the sun.

Be kind to the little one. You can't develop children as you do corns—with a boot.

Some people make a dollar's worth of trouble in accomplishing five cents' worth of good.

The man who can say, give me the baby, dear, and I will try to put it to sleep, is greater than he who can mash a village belle.

"If any one calls for me," wrote the escaped convict to the warden of the jail, "tell him I am out and you don't know when I'll be back."

An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, said Mrs. Brattle, as she took a cup of ginger tea before eating sliced cucumbers.

At what age were you married, she asked inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded. At the parsonage.

Why, asked pretty Miss Downbirds, do men pay so much to hear a woman whistle? Because, said old Gruffgum; when she is whistling she can't sing.

An exchange says that the reason there are so many mutinies in existence is to be found in the fact that such a number of children are "perfect little lambs."

Lawyer (to witness): "Did you say that an incompetent man could keep ahead just as good as anybody?" Witness: "No, I said that an in-experienced man could."

So you were at Mrs. Marble's dinner yesterday? What sort of a menu did they give you? I really can't tell you, for I didn't take any. It's a thing I seldom touch.

"What makes the girl wink so funny?" Inquired DeMystify of Browne. "Is she intoxicated?" "Oh, no; she is not intoxicated," responded Browne. "It's only her shoes that are tight."

Mrs. Miggins (reading)—Every man gets the wife heaven intended for him. Mrs. Miggins (musingly)—It must be true, then, that men are punished in this world for their sins.

Ethel—Are you going to the seashore this summer? Laura—That depends. Papa says I may go if he fails, but if he is obliged to continue in business I shall have to stay at home and economize.

The Congressionalist reports the small boy as saying: I don't like my Sunday school teacher. Why not? Inquired the head of the household. Because he is so ill-fated pious.

Have you anything to say why sentence of death should be passed upon you? Yes, your honor. What is it. I have always been and still am, strenuously opposed to capital punishment.

Ticket agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way could be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window. By-stander—Easy enough, put the sign 'For Ladies Only' on the door.

"Minnie has been in to see me to-day," said a little five-year-old, "and she behaved like a lady." "And I hope you did, too," said her mother. "Yes, indeed, I did. I turned somersets for her on the bed."

Mamma—Why are you sticking a pin into your German book, Elsie? Elsie—Why, the dinner bell has rung, mamma, and I want to remember where I left off hunting for the verb in that sentence.

Pshaw, said a sixteenth street lady to her husband, who had been criticizing her attire, what does a man know about woman's clothing, anyway? He knows the prices, my dear, he replied, gently, and she retired.

Rainmaker—This is a very fine alarm clock, sir; and I am sorry to say I can not advance you a tenth of its value. Citizen—Never mind. It will be of no further use to me. There are twins in the house.

Lady—That new boarder needn't try to make me believe he is a bachelor. He's either married or a widower. How can you tell? Lady—By always having his hands in my pocket when he opens his pocket-book to pay his board.

Son—Papa, how do they catch lunatics? Cynical father—With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry, and neat gowns, my boy. Mamma (musingly)—